

EDWARD AND ELEONORA.

A

TRAGEDY,

ALTERED FROM

JAMES THOMSON,

AND ADAPTED TO THE STAGE

BY THOMAS HULL.

AS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

Sequiturque Patrem non possibus acquis.

VIRGIL.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

THOMSON'S Writings in general are so replete with moral and religious instruction, as well as sentiment and poetry, that they ought, surely, to be as familiar to the ear of those who have not means or leisure for reading, as they are to the contemplation of those who are possessed of such elegant advantages. It had long been matter of regret to the present Editor of this Play, that so striking an event in the annals of England, and such an exemplary instance of conjugal heroism, should have been excluded the Stage, that extensive record of noble actions, and witness against vicious ones. Mrs. Barry hinted a wish to restore it: a desire to oblige that excellent actress, and furnish her with a new opportunity of displaying her abilities, as well as an ardour to be the means of producing to an audience another work of our amiable and elegant Thomson, induced the present Editor to undertake an alteration. The omission of too prolix passages rendered some additions indispensably necessary; such as they are, particularly the scene at the opening of the last act, he submits them with deference and timidity, to a candid public, hoping that his motives to this attempt will constitute some degree of merit, and conciliate mild judgment and gentle criticism.

March 25, 1775.

PROLOGUE.

Written and spoken by Mr. HULL.

TO-NIGHT your favour and your praise we claim,
For lo! the page bears Thomson's honour'd name.
'Tis your own Thomson—he whose lib'ral mind
Breath'd love to all—the friend of human kind!
Through all the various year his genius ran,
And prov'd the poet, while it grac'd the man.
Spring comes from him in loveliest tints array'd,
He gives her beauties that can never fade;
In deathless roses is his Summer dress'd,
And ever-cheering verdure robes her breast;
His fields with stores exhaustless Autumn crowns,
And with unwonted pride majestic Winter frowns.

Oft on these boards hath Coriolanus bled,
And Sigismunda tears of virtue shed;
True to his fame, we usher to the stage
This long-neglected, well-deserving page;
'Wherein old English honour lives anew,
'Your great first Edward rising to your view.'
Where Eleonora's firmness beams a grace,
A dignity o'er all the female race.
'These scenes would wide humanity impart,
'Would breathe extensive candour through the heart.
'If your lov'd poet paints a noble strife
'Twixt the fond husband and the generous wife,
'If all the father in his voice complains,
'And all the mother in her tender strains,

*' If these best passions prompt the pleasing woe,
' Indulge it freely——Nature bids it flow——
' Where parent nature leads you cannot stray,
' For what she wills, 'tis virtue to obey.'**

*While then, with feeble aid, we strive to raise
From dark oblivion these neglected lays,
Let judgment, blind to us, alone regard
The genuine beauties of the gentle Bard;
And to that wreath, which must for ever bloom,
Bestow one laurel more t' adorn his tomb.*

* The Lines marked with inverted Commas are taken from the original Prologue to the Play.

Dramatis Personae.

COVENT-GARDEN.

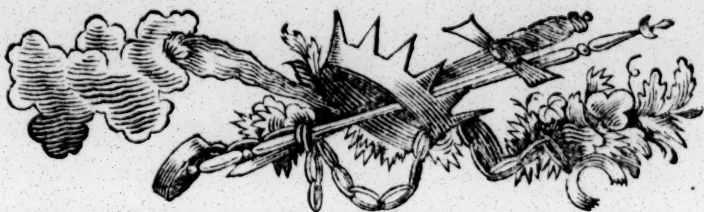
Men.

EDWARD, Prince of England,	-	-	Mr. Lewis.
Earl of GLOSTER,	-	-	Mr. Hull.
THEALD, Archdeacon of Liege,	-	-	Mr. Clarke.
SELIM, Sultan of Jaffa,	-	-	Mr. Barry.
ASSASSIN,	-	-	Mr. L'Estrange.
OFFICER,	-	-	Mr. Thompson.

Women.

ELEONORA, Princess of England,	-	Mrs. Barry.
DARAXA, an Arabian Princess,	-	Mrs. Mattocks.

SCENE, Edward's Tent in the Camp before Jaffa, a City on
the Coast of Palestine.



EDWARD AND ELEONORA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Camp. Prince EDWARD, THEALD Archdeacon of Liege,
and the Earl of GLOSTER enter.

Edward.

I WILL no longer doubt. 'Tis plain, my friends,
That with our little band of English troops,
By all allies, all western powers deserted,
(All but the noble knights that guard this land,
The flower of Europe and of Christian valour,)
Nought can be done, nought worthy of our cause,
Worthy of England's heir, and of the name
Of Lion-hearted Richard; whose renown,
After almost a century elaps'd,
Shakes through its wide extent this eastern world.
What else could bend the Saracen to peace,
Who might, with better policy, refuse
To grant it us? Yes, to the prince of Jaffa
I will accord the peace he has demanded;
And though my troops, impatient, wait the signal
To storm yon walls, yet will I not expose,
In vain attempts, valour that should be sav'd
For better days, and for the public welfare.
Rash fruitless war, from wanton glory wag'd,

Is only splendid murder—What says Theald ?
Approves my reverend father of my purpose ?

Thea. Edward, illustrious heir of England's crown,
I must indeed be blinded with the zeal
Of this our holy cause, to think your arms,
Thus all-forsaken, thus betray'd, sufficient
To reach the grandeur of your first design,
And, from the yoke of infidels, to free
The sacred city, object of our vows.
Yet this, methinks, this Jaffa might be seiz'd :
That still were something, an auspicious omen
Of future conquest—But, unskill'd in war,
To you, my lord, and Gloster's wise experience,
I this submit.

Edw. Speak, Gloster, your advice,
Before I fix my latest resolution.

Glos. You know, my lord, I never was a friend
To this Crusado. My unchang'd advice
Is strenuous then for peace. Nor urge I this
From your deserted circumstance alone,
But from the state of our unhappy country.
Behold her, Edward, with a filial eye,
Behold her bleeding still from savage war,
And say, is this a time for these adventures ?
Return, return ; lose not a day, an hour,
Before this city. Though your cause be holy,
believe me, 'tis a much more pious office,
To tend your father's old and broken years,
And fold his care worn heart in downy peace :
A nobler office far ! on the firm base
Of well-proportion'd liberty, to build
The common quiet, happiness and glory,
Of king and people, England's rising grandeur.

Thea. Gloster, thy stronger arguments have won me
To join thy cause—nay add one reason more
For peace, immediate peace—should blind misfortune,
In this far-distant hostile land, oppress us ;
(A chance to which our weakness stands expos'd :)
What, Edward, of thy princess would become,
Thy Eleonora ; she, whose tender love
Through stormy seas, and in fierce camps, attends thee ?
What of thy blooming offspring ? Charg'd with these,
To give our courage scope were cruel rashness.

Edw. Enough, my lord, I stand resolv'd on peace ;
If Selim offer honourable terms,
Such as may suit our dignity and glory ;
Such as without a blush we may proclaim,
When, on arrival at our native coast,
Flush'd with gay hope the people round us press
To learn by what exploits we have sustain'd
The fame of Richard and of English valour.
We wait his last appeal. Meanwhile, good Gloster,
See that the captive princess, fair Daraxa,
Be yielded to the sultan of this city,
Whose bride she is. We wage not war with women.

An Officer enters belonging to the Prince.

Offi. One from the prince of Jaffa, sir, demands
Your secret ear on some important message.

Edw. Conduct him to my tent—— [*Officer goes out.*]
He brings, I judge,
This Sultan's last instructions for this peace.
Here wait : I may require your faithful counsel. [*Exit.*]

Thea. Whatever woes, of late, have clouded England ;
Yet must I, Gloster, call that nation happy,

On whose horizon smiles a dawning prince
Of Edward's worth and virtues.

Glos. True, my friend ;
Edward has great, has amiable virtues,
That virtue chiefly which befits a prince :
He loves the people he must one day rule ;
With fondness loves them, with a noble pride ;
Esteems their good, esteems their glory his.

Thea. But let me ask thee, Gloster, whence the motive,
That bids thee wear the chains of court attendance,
At these grey years ; that should in calm retirement
Pass the soft evening of a bustling life,
And plume thy parting soul for better worlds ?

Glos. Amidst his many virtues, youthful Edward
Is lofty, warm, and absolute of temper :
I therefore seek to moderate his heat,
To guide his fiery virtues, hence I attend him
In expeditions which I ne'er approv'd,
In holy wars—you pardon, reverend father——
I must declare I think such wars the fruit
Of idle courage or mistaken zeal.

Thea. I venerate this land. Its sacred hills,
Its vales, its cities, trod by saints and prophets,
By God himself, the scenes of heavenly wonders,
Inspire me with a certain awful joy.

Glos. But the same God, my friend, pervades, sustains,
Surrounds and fills this universal frame ;
And every land where spreads his vital presence,
His all-enlivening breath, to me is holy.

Edw. [*Behind the scenes.*] Inhuman villain ! is thy message murder !

Thea. Ha ! heard you not the prince exclaiming murder ?

Glos. Should this barbarian messenger—

[*Moving towards the noise.*]

'Tis so!

Prince EDWARD *enters, wounded in the Arm, and dragging in the Assassin.*

Edw. Detested wretch! and doth the prince of Jaffa
Send base assassins to transact his treaties?
Take then a villain's due—Yet hold my fury!
Let not the blood that fills a ruffian's veins
Pollute a prince's hand! Justice, not rage,
Shall vindicate my wrongs. Guards, take him hence,
And let our equal laws decide his fate.

Assa. Hear me, thou base destroyer of the faithful!
What though my erring dagger miss'd thy heart,
Yet hath it fir'd thy veins with mortal poison,
Whose very touch is death. Allah! be prais'd!
Know, I can triumph, Christian, in the worst
Thou can'st decree, or thy vile slaves inflict. [*Assa. borne off.*]

Glos. Ha! Poison did he say?

Thea. The prince of Jaffa?

Could he act thus?

Edw. Read here the certain proof
Of his abhorr'd intent. [*Gives Theald a letter.*]

Glos. O, wound to England!

Then is at once my prince and country lost.

Edw. Why stare ye pale amazement on each other?
Are we not men, to whom the various chances
Of fickle life are known?

Thea. My dearest lord,
Retire, and seek relief, without delay,
Ere the fell poison can diffuse its rage,
And deeply taint your blood.

Edw. The princess comes !
O save me from her tenderness !

Princess ELEONORA enters.

Ele. My Edward !
Support me !—Oh !

Edw. She faints—My Eleonora !
Look up, and bless me with thy gentle eyes !—
'The colour comes, her cheeks resume their beauty,
And all her charms revive—

Ele. And lives my Edward, lives my dearest lord,
From this assassin sav'd !—Alas ! you bleed !

Edw. 'Tis nought, my lovely princess ! a slight wound—

Ele. But ah ! methought, I entering heard of poison
Tainting the blood—What ! was the dagger poison'd ?—
Ha ! silent all ? will none relieve my fears ?—

Glos. Princess, restrain your tenderness a moment—
The prince delays too long—Let him retire.
Meanwhile the troubled camp shall be my care ;
Lest the base foe should make a sally,
While yet our troops are stunn'd with this disaster.

Edw. I thank thee, noble Gloster. Nor, alone,
Support my troops ; go, rouse them to revenge.
'Tell them their injur'd prince will try their love,
'Their valour soon—And you, my friend, good Theald,
Attend the princess—Chear thee, Eleonora !
I cannot, will not, leave thee long, to vex
Thy tender soul with aggravated fears. [*Exit with Glos.*
Thea. Behold Daraxa, the false sultan's bride.

DARAXA enters.

Dar. Princess of England, let me share thy grief.

Whence flow these tears, and what this wild alarm,
This noise of murder and assassination?

Ele. Alas! the prince is wounded by a ruffian;
And with a poison'd dagger, as I fear.
Yet none will ease me of this racking thought —
Nay, tell me, Theald, since to know the worst
Is oft a kind of miserable comfort;
What hath befall'n the prince? for this slight wound
Could never thus o'ercast the brave with terror.

Thea. I dare not, princess, dally with your fate.
An impious villain, from the sultan Selim,
Pretended to the prince a secret message,
About the peace in treaty; dreading nought,
He left us here, and to his tent retir'd,
There to receive this execrable envoy.
Strait with the prince alone, the fierce assassin
Attempted on his life; but, in his arm,
He took, it seems, the blow, and from the villain
Wresting the dagger, gave him to the law.
This last we saw, and heard th' inhuman bigot,
(Who deem'd himself a martyr in their cause,)
Tauntingly boast, the prince's wound was poison'd —

Ele. 'Then all I fear'd is true! then am I wretched,
Beyond even hope!

Dar. A villain from the sultan!

Ele. Ah, the distracting thought! And is my life!
My love! my Edward! on the brink of fate!
Of fate that may this moment snatch him from me!

Dar. What! Selim send assassins! and beneath
A name so sacred! Selim, whose renown
Is incense breathing o'er the sweeten'd east;
For each humane, each generous virtue fam'd;
Selim! the rock of faith, and sun of honour!

Ele. O, complicated woe! The Christian cause
Hath now no more a patron, and restorer;
England no more a prince, in whom she plac'd
Her glory, her delight, her only hope;
These desolated troops no more a chief;
No more a husband, a protector, I,
A friend, a lover! and my helpless children
No more a father!

Dar. Pardon, gentle princess,
If in this whirlwind of revolving passions,
That snatch my soul by turns, I have forgot
To pay the tribute which I owe thy sorrows——
But I myself, alas! am more unhappy!

Ele. What woes can equal mine? who lose, thus vilely,
The best! the bravest! loveliest of mankind!——

Dar. You lose the lover, I must learn to hate him,
To scorn what once was all my pride and transport!
Should Edward die by this accursed crime,
You with his image, with his virtues, still,
Amidst the pensive gloom, may converse hold:
While I—Ah! nothing meets my blasted sight
But a black view of infamy and horror!
What is the loss of life to loss of virtue!
He is bely'd—some villain hath abus'd him.

Thea. I honour, princess, this your virtuous grief,
But that the sultan did employ th' assassin
Is past all doubt—Behold the false instructions,
By which he gain'd admittance.

[*Giving her the letter the Prince had given him.*]

Dar. Ha!—'T is so!
His hand! his seal!—From my detesting heart,
I tear him thus for ever!——Perish Selim!
Perish the feeble wretch, who more bewails him!

That were to share his guilt.—Unhappy princess !

Now let me turn my soul to thy assistance——

There is a cure, 'tis true——

Ele. A cure, Daraxa !

O say, what cure ?

Dar. No ; it avails not, princess ;

None can be found to risque it.

Ele. None to risque it ?

Quick tell me what it is, my dear Daraxa !

Dar. To find some person, who, with friendly lip,

May draw the poison forth ; at least, its rage

And mortal spirit. This will bring the wound

Within the power of art ; but certain death

Attends the generous deed.

Ele. [*Kneeling.*] Then hear me, Heaven ?

Prime source of love ! Ye saints and angels, hear !

I here devote me for the best of men,

Of princes and of husbands. On this cross

I seal the cordial vow : confirm it, Heaven !

And grant me courage in the hour of trial !

Thea. O tenderness unequal'd !

Dar. Glorious princess !

Ele. Go, Theald, quickly find the Earl of Gloster,

And with him break this matter to the prince ;

Yet tell him but a part ; inform him, Theald,

He hath a zealous friend, who well hath weigh'd

The value of his life, the debt he owes

To England, to his father, to his children ;

A friend, who, by a solemn vow engag'd,

Resolves to die for Edward—Say thus much,

But name not Eleonora—Haste, my friends,

And leave the rest to me. [*Exeunt Theald and Daraxa.*

Immortal shades

Of godlike heroes and exalted matrons,
Who for the cause of loyalty and love,
Have greatly suffered, and have nobly died,
Be present to me, that I may discharge
The pious office with beseeeming firmness!
That, this great duty paid, I may become
More worthy to partake that heavenly bliss,
Which can alone compensate for the pangs,
The bitter pangs of parting from my Edward.

[Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Edward's Tent. GLOSTER and THEALD enter.

Gloster.

No, Theald, no; he never will consent—
I know him well—he will not purchase life
At such a rate: besides, in aid of love,
His generous pride would come, and deem it baseness.

Thea. Then is yon sun his last. The blackening wound
Begins already to confess the poison—
Mean time, my lord, both friendship and allegiance
Demand, at least, the trial. Well I know,
That, poise his life with hers, he would as nothing
Esteem his own: but sure the life of thousands,
The mingled cause at once of Heaven and Earth,
Should o'er the best, the dearest ties prevail.

Glos. Alas! my friend, you reason, Edward loves.
How weak the head contending with the heart!
Yet be the trial made—Behold he comes.

EDWARD *enters.*

Edw. O, thou bright sun! now hast'ning to those climes,
That parent isle, which I no more shall see;
O, thither bear, resplendent orb of day,
To that dear spot of earth, my last farewell!

And thee, Eternal Providence! whose course,
Amidst the various maze of life, is fix'd,
By boundless wisdom, and by boundless love,
I follow thee, with resignation, hope,
With confidence and joy; for thou art good,
And of thy rising goodness is no end!

Welcome, my dearest friends! the villain's threatening
It was too true, and now I nearly touch
That awful hour which every man must prove.
Come then, and let us fill the space between
These last important moments, whence we take
Our latest tincture for eternity,
With solemn converse and exalting friendship——
Nay, Theald—Gloster—wound me not with tears,
With tears that fall o'er venerable cheeks!
What could the princess more? —Ah! there, indeed,
At every thought of her I feel a weight,
A dreadful weight of tenderness, that shakes
My firmest resolution——Where is she?

Thea. She burns with fond impatience to attend you.

Edw. And how, brave Gloster, did you leave the camp?

Glos. The camp, sir, is secure: each soldier there
From indignation draws new force and spirit.
O! 't is a glorious, an affecting sight!
Those furrow'd cheeks, that never knew before
The dew of tears, now in a copious shower
Are bath'd. Around your tent they, various, crowd,

Rank over rank : some pressing for a look ;
Some sadly musing, with dejected eye,
Some on their knees, preferring vows to Heaven,
And, with extended arms, some breathing vengeance.

Edw. What unbought love and generous valour fire
The free-born heart !—Yet moderate their zeal,
And let the sword of justice only strike
The faithless Selim, and his guilty creatures.
My new-departed spirit, just escap'd
From the low fev'rish passion of this life,
Would grieve to see the blood of innocence,
With that of guilt confounded, stain my tomb.

Thea. Permit me, sir, the hope, that you yourself——
I speak it on just cause—may live to punish
'This breach of all the sacred rights of men.

Edw. Why will you turn my thoughts, from earth enlarg'd,
To soft enfeebling views of life again ?

Thea. Not to a vain desire of life, my lord,
Would I recal them ; but inspire each hope,
Advise each possibility to save it.
And there is yet a remedy.

Edw. Delusion !

Thea. The fair Arabian princess mentioned one.

Edw. She one !—Daraxa !—something to complete
Her lover's crime.

Thea. You could not wrong her thus,
Had you beheld the tempest of her soul,
Her grief, her rage, confusion, when she heard
Of Selim's baseness ; had you seen that honour,
That glorious fire that darted from her eyes ;
Till in a flood of virtuous sorrow sunk,
She almost equall'd Eleonora's tears.

Edw. What was it she propos'd ?

Thea. It was, my lord,
To find some person, who, with friendly lip,
Might draw the deadly spirit——

Edw. I have heard
Of such a cure ; but is it not, good Theald,
An action fatal to the kind performer ?

Thea. Yes, surely fatal.

Edw. Name it then no more :
I should despise the paltry life it purchas'd.
Besides, what mortal can dispose so rashly
Of his own life ? Talk not of low condition,
And of my public rank ; when life or death
Becomes the question, all distinctions vanish ;
Then the first monarch and the lowest slave
On the same level stand, in this the sons
Of equal nature all.

Thea. Allow me, sir,
If 'tis a certain, an establish'd duty,
Than duty more, the height of human virtue,
To sacrifice a transitory life
For that kind source from whence it is deriv'd,
And all its guarded joys, our dearest country ;
To sacrifice it in the cause of Heaven,
Author of every good : by the same reason,
It may be justly sacrific'd for those
On whom depends the welfare of the public.
And there is one, my lord, who stands devoted,
By solemn and irrevocable vows,
To die for you.

Edw. To die for me !——Kind Nature !
Thanks to thy forming hand, I can myself,
Chearful, submit to pay this debt I owe thee,
Without the borrow'd sufferings of another.

No, Theald, urge this argument no more.
I love not life to that degree, to purchase,
By the sure death of some brave guiltless friend,
A few uncertain days, that often rise,
Like this, serene and gay, when, with swift wing,
A moment wraps them in disastrous fate.

Thea. Did we consult to save your single life,
Was that the present question, thy refusal
Were just, were generous. But, my lord, this person,
Who stands for you devoted, should, in that,
Be deem'd devoted for the Christian cause,
The common cause of Europe and thy country.
For that this martyr dies ; dies for thy children ;
Dies for the brave companions of thy fortune,
Who, weeping now around thy tent, conjure thee
To live for them, and England's promis'd glory.

Glos. O, save our country, Edward ! save a nation,
The chosen land, the last retreat of freedom,
Amidst a broken world—Cast back thy view,
And trace from farthest times her old renown.
Think of the blood that, to maintain her rights,
And nurse her shelt'ring laws, hath flow'd in battle,
Or on the patriot's scaffold. Think what cares,
What vigilance, what toils, what bright contention,
In councils, camps, and well-disputed senates,
It cost our generous ancestors, to raise
A matchless plan of freedom : whence we shine,
The happiest of mankind, the first of nations.

Thea. Thy father sinks in years ; ev'n while we speak,
He may be summon'd to a higher state ;
Should it be so, say, must we lose thee too ?
Wilt thou not, Edward, stay to guard the rights,
The liberty, the glory of thy country ?

Wilt thou not live for her? for her subdue
A graceful pride, I own, but still a pride,
That more becomes thy courage and thy youth
Than birth and public station? Nay, for her,
Say, wouldst thou not resign the dearest passions?

Edw. O! there is nothing which for thee, my country,
I, in my proper person, could not suffer!
But thus to skulk behind another's life,
'Tis what I have not courage to support,
It makes a kind of coward of me, Gloster.
Let me, at least,
Ere yet I sink in death, let me behold,
And wond'ring thank the friend, whose breast is fraught
With such high ardour for the public weal,
To give this instance of exalted virtue.
Conduct him hither, Theald. [*Exit Thea.*] Ah, my Gloster,
You have not touch'd on something that pleads here
For longer life, beyond the force of reason,
Perhaps too powerful pleads—my Eleonora!
To thee, my friend, I will not be ashamed
Even to avow my love in all its fondness.
For oh, there shines in this my dearer self!
This partner of my soul! so mild a light
Of careless charms, of unaffected beauty,
Such more than beauty, such endearing goodness,
That when I meet her eye, where cordial faith
And every gentle virtue mix their lustre,
I feel a transport that partakes of anguish!
How shall I then behold her, on the point
To leave her, Gloster, in a distant land?
For ever in a stormy world to leave her?
There is no misery to be fear'd like that,
Which from our greatest happiness proceeds!

THEALD enters, introducing the Princess ELEONORA as the Person he went to bring; DARAXA following.

Edw. Ye Powers!—What do I see?—I am betray'd!—
[Turning away.

Ele. Edward!

Edw. O, 'tis too much!—O, spare me, Nature!

Ele. Not look upon me, Edward!

Edw. Eleonora!

How on this dreadful errand canst thou come?

Ele. Behold me kneel——

Edw. Why kneel, thou best of women?

Thou never hast, not ev'n in thought, offended!

Thou art all truth, and love, and angel-goodness?

Why dost thou kneel?—O, rise, my Eleonora!

Ele. Let me fulfil my vow.

Edw. O, barbarous vow!

Ele. Let me preserve a life, in which is wrapt

The lives of thousands, dearer than my own!

Live thou, and let me die for thee, my Edward!

Edw. For me! thy words are daggers to my soul.

And wouldst thou have me then thus meanly save

A despicable life? a life expos'd

To that worst torment, to my own contempt!

A life still haunted by the cruel image

Of thy last pangs, thy agonizing throes,

The dire convulsions of these tender limbs;

And all for one——O, infamy!——for one,

By love, by duty bound, each manly tie,

Even by a peasant's honour to protect thee?

Ele. This ne'er can blemish thee. I know full well,

There is no danger, pain, no form of death,

Thou wouldst not meet with transport to protect me,

But I, alas ! an unimportant woman,
 Whose only boast and merit is to love thee ;
 Ah, what am I, with nameless numbers weigh'd ?
 With myriads yet unborn ? All ranks, all ages,
 All arts, all virtues, all a state comprizes ;
 These have a higher claim to thy protection.
 Live then for them. O, make a noble effort !
 What none but heroes can, bid the soft passions,
 The private stoop to those that grasp a public.
 Live to possess the pleasure of a god,
 To bless a people trusted to thy care.
 Live to fulfil thy long career of glory,
 But just begun. To die for thee be mine.
 I ne'er can find a brighter, gentler fate ;
 And fate will come at last, inglorious fate !
 O, grudge me not a portion of thy fame !
 As mix'd in love, O, share with me thy glory !

Edw. In vain is all thy eloquence. The more
 Thou wouldst persuade, I, with increasing horror,
 Fly from thy purpose.

Ele. Dost thou love me, Edward ?

Edw. Oh !—If I love thee ?—Witness, Heaven and Earth !
 Angels of death that hover round me, witness !
 Witness these eyes suffus'd, these trembling arms,
 This heart that beats unutterable fondness,
 To what delightful agony I love thee !

Ele. Then wilt thou save me, sure, from greater pain.

Edw. O, that I could from all engross thy sufferings !
 Pain felt for thee were pleasure !

Ele. Hear me, Edward.

I speak the strictest truth, no flight of passion,
 I speak my naked heart.—To die, I own,
 Is a dread passage, terrible to nature,

Chiefly to those who have, like me, been happy.
But to survive thee——'t is greatly worse !
'Tis a continual death ! I cannot bear
The very thought—O, leave me not behind thee !

Edw. Since nought can alter my determin'd breast,
Why dost thou pierce me with this killing image ?

Ele. Ah ! selfish that thou art ! with thee the toil,
The tedious toil of life will soon be o'er ;
Thou soon wilt hide thee in the quiet grave :
While I, a lonely widow, with her orphans,
Am left defenceless to a troubled world,
A false, ungrateful, and injurious world !
Oh ! if thou lov'st me, Edward, I conjure thee,
By that celestial flame which blends our souls !
By all a father, all a mother feels !
By every holy tenderness, I charge thee !
Live to protect the pledges of our love,
Our children !——

Edw. Oh !——

Ele. Our young, our helpless——

Edw. Oh !——

Distraction !—Let me go !

Ele. Nay, drag me with thee
To the kind tomb—Thou canst not leave our children !
Expos'd, by being thine, beyond the lowest !
Surrounded with the perils of a throne !——

Edw. Cruel ! no more embitter thus our last,
Our parting moments ! Set no more the terrors
Of these best passions in array against me !
For by that power, I swear, Father of Life !
Whose universal love embraces all
That breathes this ample air ; whose perfect wisdom
Brings light from darkness, and from evil good ;

To whom I recommend thee, and my children :
By him I swear ! I never will submit
To what thy horrid tenderness proposes !

Glos. My lord——

Edw. Oh !—these emotions are too much——
I feel a heavy languor steal upon me :
Conduct me to my couch——Ah ! Eleonora !
If we ne'er meet again——This one embrace——
Absolute Nature ! thou must be obeyed.

[*Exit.*

Ele. I will not, cannot quit thee !——

Dar. Princess, stay.

Resistless sleep now rushes on his powers :
For so the various poison oft begins
To spread its dark malignity.——

Ele. Ha !—sleep !—

Thanks, gracious Heaven, who pointest out the moment,
The happy moment teeming with success !
From thy blest throne, propitious, Oh ! look down,
Approve and sanctify my pious purpose !

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Edward's Tent. GLOSTER enters.

Gloster.

O MIRACLE of love ! O wondrous princess !
Souls such as thine alone preserve the flame,
That animates society, alive,
That makes the dwellings of mankind delightful.
What is vain life ? An idle flight of days,
A still delusive round of sickly joys,
A scene of little cares and trifling passions,

If not ennobled by such deeds of virtue?
And yet this matchless virtue! what avails it?
The deadly venom hath forsaken Edward,
And now pours all its torments on the princess.
The poison leaves him—But he must awake
To keener evils than the body knows,
Which minds alone, and generous minds can feel.
O, Virtue! Virtue! as thy joys excel,
So are thy woes transcendant, the gross world
Knows not the bliss or misery of either——

EDWARD *enters.*

Edw. Hail to the fresher earth and brighter day!
I feel me lighten'd of the mortal load
That lay upon my spirits. This kind sleep
Hath shed a balmy quiet through my veins.
Whence this amazing change?
But be my first chief care, Author of Good!
To bend my soul in gratitude to thee!

Glos. How fares my honour'd lord?

Edw. To health restor'd.

Only a kind of lassitude remains,
A not unpleasing weakness hangs upon me:
Like the soft trembling of the settled deep,
After a storm.

Glos. Father of Health be prais'd!

Edw. The moment that I sunk upon my couch,
A sick and troubled slumber fell upon me.
Chaos of gloomy unconnected thought!
That, in black eddy whirl'd, made sleep more dreadful
Than the worst waking pang. While thus I toss'd,
Ready to bid farewell to suffering clay,
Methought an angel came and touch'd my wound.

At this the parting gloom clear'd up apace ;
My slumbers soften'd ; and, with health, return'd
Serenity of mind, and order'd thought,
And fair ideas gladdening all the soul.
Aerial music too, by fancy heard,
Sooth'd my late pangs and harmoniz'd my breast.
Through shades of bliss I walk'd, where heavenly forms
Sung to their lutes my Eleonora's love——
But where, where is she ? glory of her sex !
O dearer, justly dearer, far than ever !
Quick, let me find her, pour into her bosom
My full full soul, with tenderness o'ercharg'd,
With glad surprize, with gratitude and wonder——
Ha ! why this silence ? this dejected look ?
You cast a drooping eye upon the ground.
Where is the princess ?

Glos. She, my lord, reposes.

Edw. Reposes !—No !—It is not likely, Gloster,
That she would yield her weeping eyes to sleep
While I lay there in agonies——Away !
I am too feeble then to know the truth.
Say, is she well ?

Glos. Now, show thy courage, Edward——

Edw. O all my fears ! I shall start out to madness !
What ! while I slept ?

Glos. Yes——

Edw. Misery ! distraction !
My peace, my honour is betray'd for ever !
Inhuman men ! why did ye suffer this ?
Angels of Light, could ye, could ye look on,
While it was done ? behold her balmy lips
Drain the foul poison from my tainted veins,
To bring me back to a detested life ?

Glos. Yet hear, my lord !

Edw. Away, I'm all despair.

O love ! O shame ! O murder'd Eleonora !

[*Exit.*

Glos. Unhappy prince ! go find thy Eleonora,
And in heart-easing grief exhale thy passion :
All other comfort, now, were to talk down
The winds and raging seas.—But yonder comes
Th' Arabian princess. From her tears I learn
The moving scene within.

DARAXA enters, with a Messenger from Selim, who attends at some distance.

Dar. Oh ! 'tis too much !

I can no more support it.

Glos. Generous mourner,
How is it with the princess Eleonora ?

Dar. Struck by the poison, on her couch she lies,
A rose soft-drooping in Sabean vales,
Beneath the fiery dog-star's noxious rage.
O, Christian chief, I never shall forget
The scene these melting eyes have just beheld,
With mingled tears of tenderness and wonder.

Glos. How was it, princess ?

Dar. When this pride of woman,
This best of wives, which in his radiant course
The sun beholds, when first she, sickening, felt
Th' imperious summons of approaching fate,
All rob'd in spotless white she sought her altars ;
And, prostrate there, for her departing soul,
The prince her husband, and her orphan-children,
Implor'd th' Eternal Mind.—As yet she held
Her swelling tears, and in her bosom kept
Her sighs repress'd : nor did the near approach

Of the pale King of Terrors dim her beauty ;
 No, rather adding to her charms, it breath'd
 A certain mournful sweetness through her features.
 But as th' increasing bane more desperate grew,
 Wild to her bed she rush'd, and then, indeed,
 The lovely fountains of her eyes were open'd,
 Then flow'd her tears.—' Connubial bed, (she cry'd)
 ' Chaste witness of my tenderness for him,
 ' To save whose life I unrepining die,
 ' In bloom of youth, farewell!—Thou shalt, perhaps,
 ' Receive a fairer, a more happy bride ;
 ' But never a more faithful, never one
 ' Who loves her husband with a fonder passion.'
 Here flow'd her tears afresh ; with burning lip
 She press'd the humid couch, and wept again.
 At last, while weary sorrow paus'd, she rose,
 And, fearing lest immediate death might seize her,
 Demanded to be led to see the prince ;
 But fear of chasing from his eyes, too soon,
 The salutary sleep that heal'd his pangs,
 Restrain'd her trembling footsteps. On her couch,
 Abandon'd to despair, she sunk anew,
 And for her children call'd. Her children came.
 A while, supported on her arm, she ey'd them,
 With tears pursuing tears a-down her cheek,
 With all the speechless misery of woe——

Glos. Proceed, Daraxa!

Check not, nor try to hide those virtuous drops ;
 How bright, how graceful is the tear that flows
 From sympathetic pity !

Dar. Then starting up, she went
 'To snatch them to a mother's last embrace ;
 When straight reflecting that the piercing poison

Might taint their tender years, she sudden shrunk
With horror back——‘ O, wretched Eleonora !
‘ (She weeping cry’d) am I forbid to taste
‘ The poor remaining comfort of the dying,
‘ To see a husband, clasp my dearest children,
‘ And mix my parting soul with theirs I love ?’
Her sad attendants, that till then had mourn’d
In silent sorrow, all, at this, gave way
To loud laments——She rais’d her languid eye,
And casting on them round a gracious smile,
To each by name she call’d, even to the lowest,
To each extended mild her friendly hand,
Gave, and, by turns, receiv’d a last farewell.

Glos. Why were my lingering years reserv’d for this ?

Dar. Come nearer, thou, the messenger of Selim,
And bear him back this answer——His chief aim,
He says, in stooping to solicit peace,
Was from the chains of infidels to save me.
What ! was it then to rescue me he sent,
Beneath an all-rever’d and sacred name,
Beneath the shelter of his hand and seal,
A murdering wretch, a sacrilegious bigot,
Basely to slay the gallant prince of England ?
So sure the poison work’d, the Christian prince
Had now been mingled with the mighty dead,
If his bright princess, glorious Eleonora,
Had not redeem’d his dearer life with hers.
You heard in what extremity she lies.
Go, tell the tyrant then——O, Heaven and Earth !
O, vanity of virtue ! that Daraxa
Should e’er to Selim send so fell a message——
I will suppress its bitterness——Yet tell him,
This crime has plac’d eternal bars betwixt us.

See my last tear to love——Arabian wilds
Shall bury 'midst their rocks the lost Daraxa.

Away! [Exit Messenger.]

Glos. Behold, they bear this way the princess,
Once more to hail the radiance of the sun,
Ere yet to mortal light she bid farewell.

THEALD, EDWARD, and ELEONORA enter, borne in by her
Attendants.

Ele. [Entering.] A little on, a little further on,
Bear me, my friends, into the cooling air.
O chearful sun! O vital light of day!
O clouds that roll your tempest through the sky!

Edw. That sun is witness of our matchless woes,
Is witness of our innocence——Alas!
What have we done to merit this disaster?

Ele. O earth! O genial roofs! O the dear coast
Of Albion's isle! which I no more shall see!——

Edw. Nay, yield not to thy weakness, Eleonora!
Sustain thyself a little, nor desert me!
Th' all-ruling Goodness may relieve us still.

Ele. Edward! I tremble! Terror seizes on me!
Through the rent veil of this surrounding sky,
I had a glimpse, I saw th' eternal world.
They call, they urge me hence—Yes, I obey.
But O forgive me, Heaven! if 'tis with pain,
With agonies, I tear my soul from his!

Edw. Heavens! what I suffer!—How thy plaintive voice
Shoots anguish through my soul!

Ele. Some power unseen——
Thy hand, my Edward—some dark power unseen
Is dragging me away—O yet a little,

Stern tyrant, spare me! Ah! how shall I leave
My weeping friends, my husband and my children?

Edw. Unhappy friends! O, greatly wretched husband!
And O poor careless orphans, who not feel
The depth of your misfortune!

Ele. Lay me down;
Soft, lay me down—my powers are all dissolv'd—
A little forward bend me—oh!

Edw. O Heaven!
How that soft frame is torn with cruel pangs!
Pangs robb'd from me!

Ele. 'Tis thence they borrow ease!—
My children! O, my children! you no more
Have now a mother!

Edw. What desolating words
Are these! more bitter than a thousand deaths!

Ele. Edward, I feel an interval of ease;
And, ere I die, have something to impart
That will relieve my sufferings.

Edw. Speak, my soul!
Speak thy desire: I live but to fulfil it.

Ele. Thou seest in what a hopeless state I lie,
I who this morning rose in height of youth,
High-blooming, promis'd many happy years.
I die for thee, I self-devoted die.
Think not from this, that I repent my vow;
Or that, with little vanity, I boast it:
No; what I did from unrepenting love
I chearful did, from love that knows no fear,
No pain, no weak remission of its ardor.
And what, alas! what was it but the dictate
Of honour, and of duty?
Two fears yet stand betwixt my soul and peace.

One is for thee, lest thou disturb my grave
 With tears of wild despair. Grieve not like those
 Who have no hope. We yet shall meet again ;
 We still are in a kind Creator's hand ;
 Eternal Goodness reigns. Besides, this parting,
 This parting, Edward, must have come at last,
 When years of friendship had, perhaps, exalted
 Our love, if that can be, to keener anguish.
 Think what thy station, what thy fame demand ;
 Nor yield thy virtue even to worthy passions.
 My other care—Ah ! wherefore should I name it ?
 From that thy equal tenderness with mine,
 Thy love and generosity secure me.
 Our children——

Edw. On this hand, O ! dying sweetness !
 This cold pale hand I vow, our children never,
 Shall never call another by the name
 Sacred to thee ! my Eleonora's children
 Shall never feel the hateful power thou fear'st.
 Where can I find such beauty ? where such grace,
 Where such a soft divinity of goodness ?
 Such faith ? such love ? such tenderness unequall'd ?
 Such all that Heaven could give—to make me wretched !
 The moment that I lose thee—Oh ! I know not !
 I dare not think !—But these unhappy orphans
 Shall now be doubly mine ; to shelter them,
 These pledges of our love, for their dear sakes
 Thy Edward shall exert his utmost strength
 To brave the horrors of loath'd life without thee.

Ele. Enough ! enough ! upon this solemn compact
 Receive them from my hands.

Edw. Dear hands ! dear gift !

Dear, precious, dying, miserable gift!

With transport once receiv'd, but now with anguish!

Ele. What darksome ways I tread!—O sun!—O earth!

Edw. Stay, cruel, stay!—Thou leav'st me, Eleonora!

Ele. Ah! the strong hand of iron fate compels me!

Edw. Raise, raise, my Eleonora, thy sweet eyes,
Nor quit thy children!

Ele. With what pain I quit them!

O Heaven!—receive my last adieu——

Edw. Again,

O yet again behold them!

Ele. Oh!—'T is darkness!——

A deadly weight——

Edw. Thou leav'st me then for ever!——

Ele. Not yet—I still remain a slave to torment.

The quivering flame of life leaps up a little.

Grant me, my Edward, grant this last request;

Leave me a moment, while I yet enjoy

A parting gleam of thought—Leave me to Heaven!

Gloster—farewell—Be careful of the prince——

Attend him hence—and double now thy friendship!

Edw. Barbarian off!—Ah! whither would'st thou drag me!

Glos. My lord, in pity to the princess——

Edw. Oh!

Ele. Farewell! a long farewell!

Edw. O word of horror!——

There, take me, lead me, hurl me to perdition!

[Exit with Gloster.

Ele. 'T is past, the bitterness of death is past——

Alas! Daraxa, I can ne'er requite

Thy generous cares for me. Thou art the cause

My Edward lives, my children have a father,

Thy heaven-inspired proposal——Tell him, Theald,
That, in the troubled moments of our parting,
I had forgot to beg he would restore
Th' Arabian princess to her friends and country—
A deed like this, howe'er in faith we differ,
Humanity, the soul of all religion,
May well permit.

Dar. By virtue's sacred fire!
Our paradise, the garden of the blest,
Ne'er smil'd upon a purer soul than thine.
For me, think not of me; such are my woes,
That I disdain all care, detest relief:
My name is trod in dust; thine beams for ever,
The richest gem that crowns the worth of woman.

Ele. The guilt of Selim cannot stain thy virtues:
It rather lends them lustre—Bear me back,
My dear attendants: and, good Theald, come,
Come, aid my mounting soul to spring aloft,
From the lov'd fetters of this kindred clay,
To the bright realms of everlasting day. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Continues. THEALD and a Gentleman enter.

Theald.

To me a Dervise? Through the furious camp,
Yet raging at the perfidy of Selim,
How did he safely pass?

Gent. Sir, he had fallen
A victim to their vengeance: but he told them,
His life was of importance to the prince,

That he who struck him, stabb'd the heart of Edward.
This stay'd their rage ; then, after a strict search,
They let him pass through ranks of glaring eyes.
I have besides to say, an English ship
And one from Italy are just arriv'd :

The first brings great dispatches to prince Edward ;
The other, holy father, these to you. [Kneeling.

Thea. Go, bid this dervise enter. [Exit Gent.

[*He opens and looks on the dispatches.*] Awful Heaven!

Great Ruler of the various heart of man !
Since thou hast rais'd me to conduct thy church,
Without the base cabal too often practis'd,
O, beam upon my mind the holy light,
The virtues which that sacred trust requires :
A loving, lov'd, unterrifying power,
Such as becomes a father ; humble wisdom ;
Plain primitive sincerity ; kind zeal,
For truth and virtue rather than opinions ;
And above all, the charitable soul
Of healing peace and Christian moderation——
The Dervise comes.

SELIM enters, disguised as a Dervise.

Thea. With me, what would'st thou, Dervise ?

Selim. The princess Eleonora, lives she still ?

Thea. She lives, and that is all.

Selim. Allah be prais'd !

Then lives the honour of the brightening name
Of Saracen and Mussulman.

Thea. How, Dervise ?

What can wipe out the horror of this deed ?

Selim. The deed was execrable ; but my hand
This instant shall prevent the dire effects.

I bring a certain remedy for poison ;
Nor can it come too late, while wand'ring life
Yet with faint impulse stirs along the veins.

Thea. Ha ! Dervise ! Art thou sure of what thou say'st ?

Selim. Christian, I am ; and therefore am I here.

Haste, lead me to the princess : Though she lay
Even in the last extremity, though call'd
By the fierce angel who compels the dead,
Yet bold experience gives me room to hope.
Say, wilt thou trust me with the trial, Christian ?

Thea. Thou know'st, we have great reason for distrust ;
But fear in those who can no longer hope
Were idle and absurd.

Selim. Bright Heaven ! what fear ?
Is there a slave of such inhuman baseness
Nurs'd on the sick'ning bosom of this earth,
Could add fresh outrage to that dying softness ?
For Virtue dying ? Look into my eye :
Does one weak ray there shun thy keenest gaze ?

Thea. No ; seeming truth and generous candour shine
In what thou say'st. Come, follow me, good Dervise.

Selim. A moment yet.—Should Heaven accord success,
I have, besides the life of Eleonora,
My injur'd sultan's wounded name to save ;
Whose soul abhors the crime imputed to him.
Then let me be the first who to the prince
Imparts the happy news ; that Selim's honour,
Enforc'd by Edward's joy, may strike more deep,
With strong conviction.

DARAXA enters.

Dar. The departing princess
Sees the delivering moment, and demands
Thy presence, reverend Christian.

Thea. Dervise, come,
 Forbid it, Heaven, this aid should be too late!

[*Exit with Selim.*

Dar. O my astonish'd fancy!—can it be?—
 In his fierce looks, methought, I mark'd the Sultan;
 And, as he shot athwart me, from his eye
 Flash'd the proud lightening of affronted virtue.
 He must be innocent; his being here
 Is radiant proof he must—O, weak Daraxa!
 What man of virtue more would deign to lodge
 His image in thy breast? Ah! what avails
 The light unfounded love, the treacherous friendship,
 That, credulous and rash, gives up unheard
 A worthy man to infamy and slander?
 They talk'd of aid—what aid? [*A groan heard within.*
 Alas! 'tis past!
 For death was in that sound;—and now her soul,
 Exulting, quits the coil of this dim world.
 Alas! what refuge for Daraxa then—
 Where must she guide her lonely step?—Confusion!
 Despair and desolation frown around me.
 Soft, soft, awhile; I will explore my fate—
 Seek out this Dervise—if he prove my Selim,
 I've wrong'd his honour; and when justice claims,
 The noble mind feels triumph in concession;
 But should his haughty and resentful soul
 Insult my tears, and scorn my supplication,
 It matters not what wayward Fate betides,
 Or whither wanders then the lost Daraxa.

[*Exit.*

EDWARD *enters from the Tent.*

Edw. She is no more! the soul of every grace,
 Of every virtue! tenderness itself!
 The matchless Eleonora is no more

Where am I? Heavens!—Ah! what a hideous desert
 Is now this world, this blasted world, around me?
 O, Eleonora! perish'd, Eleonora!
 Pour not so fast thy beauties on my heart:
 Ah! whither shall I fly from thy perfections?—
 Where go?—That tent! Ah! that way madness lies!—
 I dare not enter there. There Death displays
 His utmost terrors.
 The grave too is shut up, that last retreat
 Of wretched mortals—Yes, my word is pass'd,
 To Eleonora pass'd. Our orphan-children
 Bind me to life—O dear, O dangerous passions!
 The valiant, by himself, what can he suffer?
 Or what does he regard his single woes?
 But when, alas! he multiplies himself
 To dearer selves, to the lov'd tender fair,
 To those whose bliss, whose beings hang upon him,
 To helpless children! then, O then! he feels
 The point of misery fest'ring in his heart,
 And weakly weeps his fortune like a coward.

GLOSTER enters.

Edw. My lord of Gloster,
 I thought my orders were to be alone.
Glos. Forgive my fond intrusion—But I cannot
 Be so regardless of thy welfare, Edward,
 As to obey these orders.
Edw. But they must,
 Shall be obey'd—I will enjoy my sorrows,
 All that is left me now.
Glos. The more thy grief
 Seeks aggravating solitude, the more
 It suits my love and duty to attend thee.
 To try to sooth——

Edw. Away! thou never shalt.
 Not all that idle wisdom can suggest,
 All the vain talk of proud unfeeling reason,
 Shall rob me of one tear.

Glos. Of Nature's tears
 I would not rob thee: they invigorate virtue,
 Soften, at once, and fortify the heart.

Edw. Hence! leave me to my fate—You have undone me;
 You have made shipwreck of my peace, among you,
 My happiness and honour; and I now
 Roam the detested world a careless wretch!

Glos. Thy honour yet is safe; O, still preserve it!
 Ye great, ye pitying Powers that rule mankind!
 Who so unworthy but may proudly deck him
 With this fair-weather virtue, that exults,
 Glad, o'er the summer main? the tempest comes,
 The bold winds speak aloud; when from the helm
 This virtue shrinks, and on the rock of passion
 Bliss, fame, and reason, all are wreck'd and lost.
 Heavens! how debas'd, if privileg'd from trial,
 How cheap a thing were virtue!

Edw. Rail——insult——
 Thou canst not make me feel thee——all is past——
 I have no more connection with mankind?

Glos. Insult thee, Edward? Do these tears insult thee?
 These old man's tears!—Friendship, my Prince, can weep,
 As well as love——But while I weep thy fortune,
 Let me not weep thy virtue sunk beneath it——
 Thou hast no more connection with mankind?
 Put off thy craving senses, the deep wants
 And infinite dependencies of nature;
 Put off that strongest passion of the soul,
 Soul of the soul, love to society;
 Put off all gratitude for what is past,

All generous hope of what is yet to come :
 Then use this language—Let me tell thee, Edward,
 Thou hast connections with mankind, and great ones,
 Thou know'st not of; connections! that might rouse
 The smallest spark of honour in thy breast,
 To wide-awaken'd life and fair ambition.

Edw. What dost thou mean?

Glos. What mean?—this day, in England,
 How many ask of Palestine their king,
 Edward their king!—Read these—Returning reason,
 O guide, conduct him by thy friendly ray
 To that high sense of dignity and fame
 Whence frenzy hath misled him!

Edw. [*Perusing the dispatches.*] Gloster!—Gloster!
 Alas! my royal father is no more!
 The gentlest of mankind—O! why, affliction,
 Why thus pursue me with unwearied steps,
 And with fresh torments load my harrass'd breast?
 Thus weak of heart, thus desolate of soul,
 Ah! how unfit am I, with steady hand,
 To rule a troubled state!—She, she is gone,
 Softner of care, the dear reward of toil,
 The source of virtue! She, who to a crown
 Had lent new splendor, who had grac'd a throne
 Like the sweet seraph Mercy tempering Justice.
 O Eleonora! she is now no more.

Glos. Now is the time, now lift thy soul to virtue!
 Behold a crisis, sent by Heaven, to save thee.
 Whate'er my prince can touch, or can command,
 Can quicken or exalt the heart of man,
 Now speaks to thine—Thy children claim their father,
 Nay, more than father, claim their double parent;
 For such thy promise was to Eleonora:

Thy subjects claim their king, thy troops their chief :
The manes of thy ancestors consign
Their long-descended glory to thy hands ;
And thy dejected country calls upon thee
To save her, raise her, and protect her honour.
Angels themselves might envy thee the joy,
That waits thy will of doing general good ;
Of spreading virtue, chearing lonely worth ;
Of dashing down the proud ; of guarding arts,
The sacred rights of industry and freedom ;
Of making a whole generous people happy.
And need I add—Thy Eleonora's death
Calls out for vengeance——

Edw. Ha !

Glos. If thou, indeed,
Dost honour thus her memory, then show it,
Not by soft tears and womanish complaints,
But show it like a man !

Edw. I will !

Glos. Yon towers !——

Edw. 'T is true !

Glos. Yon guilty towers !——

Edw. Insult us still !

Glos. The murderer of thy princess riots there !——

Edw. But shall not long !—Thou art my better genius,
Thou brave old man ! thou hast recall'd my virtue—
I was benumb'd with sorrow—what—or where—
I know not—never to have thought of this.
Bright virtue, welcome ! Vigour of the mind !
The flame from Heaven that lights up higher being !
Thrice welcome ! with thy comrade, resolution !
And just revenge ! Hence, let us to the camp,
And there transfuse our soul into the troops.
This sultan's blood will ease my fever'd breast.

Yes I will take such vengeance on this city,
That all mankind shall turn their eyes to Jaffa;
And, as they see her turrets sunk in dust,
Shall dread the terrors of eternal justice.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Camp. SELIM and DARAXA enter.

Daraxa.

INDIGNANT Selim, turn—yet turn and hear me.

Selim. Indignant! Yes, and false Daraxa's guilt
Hath made me so—What! credit the vile tale
That mingled Selim's name with foul dishonour?
O! light of faith! O! credulous of soul!
Where then, injurious woman, where was fled
Thy firm affiance here? My crime thou saidst
Had plac'd eternal bars between our hearts;
Such was the haughty answer to my zeal
To rescue thee from bondage—Yes, I bade
My pride submit to love, to give thee freedom.
'Eternal bars!' Remember, nor complain
To feel the misery thou meant'st for me.

Dar. O! I acknowledge, I repent my crime:
But let the wild distraction of my soul
Wherewith I then was torn, obtain my pardon!
Hadst thou, like me, beheld the virtuous princess,
Lost Eleonora, breathing out her spirit
In agonizing pangs!—

Selim. Away, away!

Thou shouldst have seen the Christian race expire
With unchang'd visage, and unruffled mind,
Ere doubted Selim's honour.

Dar. Lo! again
I bow to earth in sorrow and remorse.
Think what my heart endures, while thus I sue
For what I thought I never could have lost,
My Selim's love!

Selim. Thy Selim!

Dar. Kill me not
With thy contempt, but rather let thy poignard
Inflit the punishment my crime deserves,
And let me die at least like Selim's wife.

Selim. Like Selim's wife!
And art thou she? Is't possible
Her generous bosom could descend so low,
Where noblest confidence——

Dar. One erring moment
Made me unworthy of the name—but cannot
A life of sorrow and unceasing tears
Obtain thy pardon for one fatal rashness?
O! I will never quit these honour'd knees,
Ne'er cease to fix these flowing eyes on thine,
Till thou relent, and speak the voice of pardon
To thy once lov'd Daraxa!

Selim. Oh! that look!
It melts my best resolves!

Dar. Assist me, prophet,
To win his yielding soul! Now, now he looks,
He speaks himself—Oh! the delightful break
Of tenderness in those melodious notes,
The dawn of Heavenly pity in those eyes!
Indulge! indulge it, Selim!
Hast thou not often said, the self-accus'd
Deserve no deeper wound, but claim compassion
Ev'n from the breast they injure? Such thy precepts
When, in soft intercourse and sweetest converse,

Our hearts first mix'd ; when Selim's virtues, blown
To full perfection in their native soil,
(Like that kind plant whose bending head creates
A second root) bow'd down with graceful sweetness,
And took fresh growth in his Daraxa's breast.

Selim. O ! lovelier far, than the fair promis'd virgins
Wherewith our prophet's paradise is stor'd !
Take my returning love, accept it all,
In this full burst of tenderness and tears !
Lift up thine eyes—let clearest confidence
Calm and assure thy heart !

Dar. It doth, it doth !
Selim hath spoke it, and my heart obeys.
But wherefore here, in this disguise ?

Selim. I come
To clear my injur'd name——
Nay, cease—I meant not
To wake the painful feelings of thy mind.

Thea. [*Within.*] The dervise—shew me to him !

Selim. Theald's voice !
He comes to lead me to the prince. Retire
Awhile, my love ; this interview compleats
My business here—these Christians must be taught
What Selim is—they shall behold him break
Through the foul mist, suspicion cast around him,
(As bursts the sun from momentary clouds)
And pour a brighter radiance wide abroad.

Dar. Cheer'd by that welcome radiance, thy Daraxa
Feels vivifying joy expand her breast ;
As the soft flower, that droop'd a while beneath
Fast-falling rains, revives and blooms anew,

Cheer'd by the comfort of returning rays. [Exit *Daraxa.*

Selim. O, my Daraxa ! thou hast charm'd my soul !

This reconciling interview has sooth'd
My troubled bosom into tender joy ;
As when the spring first, on the soften'd top
Of Lebanon, unbinds her lovely tresses,
And shakes her blooming sweets from Carmel's brow——

THEALD *enters.*

Thea. I sought thee, worthy Dervise.

Selim. Reverend Christian,

My toiling thoughts can find no fix'd repose,
Till the wrong'd sultan's vindicated honour
Shine out as bright as yon unsully'd sky.
Conduct me to the prince—I claim thy promise.——
It stings my conscious soul with sick impatience,
To think what Selim suffers. For a man,
Who loves the ways of truth and open virtue,
To lie beneath the burning imputation
Of baseness, and of crimes—such horrid crimes !—
O, 'tis a keen unsufferable torment !
Come, let me then discharge this other part
Of my commission.

Thea. Thou soon shalt see him.

He strait will come this way, the king of England,
Such now he is. Mean time, 'tis fit to tell thee,
He must be manag'd softly ; for his passions
Are all abroad, in wild confusion hurl'd :
The winds, the floods, and lightning mix together.
I need not say how little, in this uproar,
Avails the broken thwarted light of reason.

Selim. Fear not. I trust in innocence and truth.

Thea. He cannot long delay, for, as I enter'd,
I saw him parting from the hurried camp,
That lighten'd wide around him : burnish'd helms,

And glittering spears, and ardent thronging soldiers,
Demanding all the signal, when to storm
These walls, devoted to their vengeance.——

Selim. Ha!

Then let us quickly find him—But he comes.

EDWARD *and* GLOSTER *enter.*

Edw. Whence is it those barbarians, here again,
Those base, those murdering cowards, dare be seen?
What new accurs'd attempt is now on foot?
What new assassination?—Start not, Dervise,
Tinge not thy caitiff cheek with red'ning honour.
What thou!—Dost thou pretend to feel reproach?
Art thou not of a shameless race of people,
Harden'd in arts of cruelty and blood,
Perfidious all? Yes, have ye not profan'd
The faith of nations? broke the holy tie
That binds the families of earth together,
That gives even foes to meet with hostile joy,
And teaches war security? Your prince,
Your prince has done it!

Thea. Sir, this Dervise comes,
To clear the Sultan Selim from that crime,
Which you, with strong appearance, charge upon him.

Edw. Appearance, Theald? with unquestion'd proof.
Doubtless the villain would be glad to change
The course by nature fix'd, enjoy his crimes
Without their evil—But he shall not 'scape me!

Selim. If, King of England, in this weighty matter,
On which depends the weal and life of thousands,
You love and seek the truth, let reason judge;
Cool, steady, quiet, and dispassion'd reason:

For never yet, since the proud selfish race
Of men began to jar, did passion give,
Nor ever can it give, a right decision.

Edw. Reason hath judg'd, and passion shall chastise,
Shall make you howl, ye cowards of the east !
What can be clearer ? This vile Prince of Jaffa !
'This infamy of princes ! sends a ruffian,
By his own hand and seal commission'd, sends him,
To treat of peace : and, as I read his letters,
The villain stabs me—This, if this wants light,
There is no certainty in human reason ;
If this not shines with all-convincing truth,
Yon sun is dark—And yet these cowards come
With lying shifts, and low elusive arts——
O, it flames my anger into madness !
This added insult on our understanding,
This treacherous attempt to steal away
The only joy and treasure of my life,
Sweet sacred vengeance for my murder'd princess !

Selim. The cursed wretch who did assail thy life,
O, King of England ! was indeed an envoy
Sent by the Prince of Jaffa : This we own.
But then he was an execrable bigot,
Who, for such horrid purposes, had crept
Into the cheated Sultan's court and service ;
As by the traitor's papers we have learn'd.
For know, there lives upon the craggy cliffs
Of wild Phenician mountains, a dire race,
A nation of assassins. Dreadful zeal,
Fierce and intolerant of all religion
That differs from their own, is the black soul
Of that infernal state. Soon as their chief,
The Old Man (so they style him) of the Mountains,

Gives out his baleful will, however fell,
 However wicked and abhorr'd it be,
 Though cloth'd in danger, the most cruel death,
 They, swift and silent, glide through every land,
 As fly the gloomy ministers of vengeance
 Famine and plague ;
 And never fail to execute his orders.
 Of these the villain was, these ruffian saints,
 The curse of earth, the terror of mankind :
 And thy engagement, Prince, in this Crusado,
 That was the reason whence they sought thy life.

Edw. False, false as hell ! the lie of guilty fear !
 You are all bigots, robbers, ruffians all !
 It is the very genius of your nation.
 Vindictive rage, the thirst of blood consumes you :
 You live by rapine, thence your empire rose ;
 And your religion is a mere pretence
 To rob and murder in the name of Heaven.

Selim. Be patient, prince ; be more humane and just.
 You have your virtues, have your vices too ;
 And we have ours. The liberal hand of Nature
 Has not created us, nor any nation,
 Beneath the blessed canopy of Heaven,
 Of such malignant clay, but each may boast
 Their native virtues, and their maker's bounty.
 You call us bigots.—Oh ! canst thou with that
 Reproach us, Christian Prince ? What brought thee hither ?
 What else but bigotry ? What dost thou here ?
 What else but persecute ?—The truth is great,
 Greater than thee, and I will give it way ;
 Even thou thyself, in all thy rage wilt hear it.

Edw. Away ! restrain thy foul licentious speech !
 With thee, vile dervise, what have I to do ?

I lose my hour of vengeance, I debase me,
To hold this talk with thee.

Selim. While truth and reason
Speak from my tongue, vile dervise as I am,
Yet am I greater than the highest monarch,
Who, from blind fury, grows the slave of passion.
Besides, I come to justify a prince,
Howe'er in other qualities below thee,
In love of goodness, truth, humanity,
And honour, sir, thy equal—yes, thy equal!

Edw. My equal, saidst thou?—Ha! presumptuous dervise!
Thou gnaw'st thy quivering lip—A smother'd passion
Shakes through thy frame.—What villany is that
Thou dar'st not utter?—Wert thou not a wretch,
Protected by the habit!—Hence! away!
Go tell thy master that I hold him base,
Beyond the power of words to speak his baseness!
A coward! an assassinating coward!
And when I once have dragg'd him from his city,
Which I will straitway do—I then will make him,
In all the gall and bitterness of guilt,
Will make the traitor own it.

Selim. [*Discovering himself.*] Never!

Edw. Ha!

Selim. Thou canst not, haughty monarch!—I am he,
I am this Selim! this insulted Selim!
Yet clear as day, and will confound thy passion.

Edw. Thou Selim!

Selim. I.

Edw. Was ever guilt so bold?

Selim. Did ever innocence descend to fear?

Edw. This bears some show of honour. Wilt thou then
Decide it by the sword?

Selim. I will do more——

Edw. How more?

Selim. Decide it by superior reason.

Edw. No weak evasions.

Selim. If I not convince thee,
If by thy self I am not of this crime
Acquitted, then I grant thee thy demand.
Nay more, yon yielded city shall be thine :
For know, hot prince, I should disdain a throne
I could not fill with honour. Were I guilty,
I would not tremble at thy threatening voice ;
No, 't is myself I fear.

Edw. What shall I think?

Selim. Hear but one witness, and I ask no more,
To clear my name. The witness is a woman.
Her looks are truth ; fair uncorrupted faith
Beams from eyes. Thou ne'er canst doubt such beauty ;
For 't is th' expression of a spotless soul.

Edw. Curse on thy mean luxurious eastern arts
Of cowardice !—Thou wouldst seduce my vengeance——
But I detest all beauty——Barbarous Sultan !
Ah ! thou hast murder'd beauty ! thy fell crime——
Haste, Gloster, haste——In sight of camp and city,
Prepare the lists—Now show thyself a prince,
Or die in shameful tortures like a slave.

Selim. I came not hither, Prince, to dread thy wrath,
Or court thy mercy.

Glos. Sir, you cannot, justly,
Refuse him his demand. The fervent soul
Of undissembled innocence, methinks,
Is felt in what he says. First hear this person,
And if she gives not clear and full conviction,
Have then recourse to what should always be

The last appeal of reasonable beings,
Brute force.

Edw. Enough—conduct her hither, Sultan.—

[*Selim goes out.*]

Ah ! my disorder'd mind ! from thought to thought,
Uncertain, toss'd, the wreck of stormy passion !
This rage awhile supports me ; but I feel
It will desert me soon, and I again
Shall soon relapse to misery and weakness.
O, Eleonora ! little didst thou think,
How deeply wretched thy dire gift of life
Would make me !

*SELIM enters, conducting ELEONORA, DARAXA, and
THEALD.*

Selim. Raise thine eyes, O, King of England !
To the bright witness of my blameless honour.

Edw. No ; beauty shall no more engage my eyes,
It shall no more profane the shrine devoted
To the sweet image of my Eleonora !
Let her declare her knowledge in this matter.

Ele. Will not my Edward bless me with a look ?

Edw. What angel borrows Eleonora's voice !——
O, thou pale shade of her I weep for ever !
Permit me thus to worship thee—Thou art !——
Amazing Heaven !—Thou art my Eleonora !
My dear, my lov'd,
My living Eleonora !—What—to whom
Owe I this miracle ? this better life ?
Oppressive joy !—owe I my Eleonora ?

Ele. To him, that generous prince, who put his life,
His honour on the desperate risque to save me,
When number'd with the dead ; who brought, himself,

A swift and powerful remedy, by which
I am to light restor'd—to thee, my Edward!

Edw. To him! to him!—O, monstrous! whom I, thus,
Have with such inhumanity insulted!
Blind, brutish rage! And canst thou then forgive me,
Thou who hast o'er me gain'd that noblest triumph,
The triumph of humanity?—Thou canst.
'Tis easier for the generous to forgive
Than for offence to ask it.

Selim. Use not, prince,
So harsh a word. More than forgive, I love
Thy noble heat, thy beautiful disorder.
O! I am too much man, I feel, myself,
Too much the charming force of human passions,
E'er to pretend with supercilious brow,
With proud affected virtue, to disdain them.

Ele. Exalted, glorious chief! hence let us learn,
(Deficient in ourselves!) coolly to judge,
And cautiously arraign another's heart.
Misled by warmth, by prejudice, or pride,
How oft hath passion's hasty tongue proclaim'd
What cool reflection shudder'd to repeat!
Join then, my Edward, join in grateful thanks
To this our guardian angel, gen'rous Selim;
To him and Heaven! whose wonder-working hand
Turns tears to smiles, affliction to delight.

Edw. Take, with the o'er-flowings of a grateful heart,
Thy good, thy lov'd Daraxa, whom I meant
To have restor'd, when this misfortune happen'd;
But secret-working Heaven ordain'd her stay,
To save us all.

Selim. Wert thou the lord of earth,
Thou couldst not give me more!—My dear Daraxa!

Dar. Ah! why from me conceal this blest event?
Yet pardon!—Ev'ry painful thought is lost
In Selim's love and Eleonora's safety.

Edw. Hence, to the camp, my Gloster—Bid the soldiers
Forsake the trenches—Let unbounded joy
Reign, fearless, o'er the mingled camp and city—
Go, tell my faithful soldiers, that their queen,
My Eleonora lives! a prize beyond
The chance of war to give! She lives to soften
My too imperious temper, and to make them,
To make my people happy.

Ele. Transporting bliss!—How bountiful is Heaven!
Depressing often, but to raise us more.
Let never those despair who follow virtue.

Edw. Love—gratitude—divide me—Once more, Sultan,
Forgive me; pardon my mistaken zeal,
That left my country, cross'd the stormy seas,
To war with thee, brave prince, to war with honour.
Now that my passions give me leave to think—
The hand of Heaven appears in what I suffer'd.

Selim. It does, O king. And venerable Christian,
I know thy moderation will excuse me.
“ But since by ruling wisdom, (who unweigh'd,
“ Unmeant, does nought) men are so various made,
“ So various turn'd, that in opinion they
“ Must blindly think, or take a different way;”
And, spite of force, since judgment will be free,
This righteous medium be our future guide!
Let holy rage, let persecution cease,
Let the head argue, but the heart be peace.
Let all mankind in love of what is right,
In virtue and humanity unite.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

Written by R. SHERIDAN, Esq.---Spoken by Mrs. MATTOCKS.

YE wedded critics, who have mark'd our tale,
How say you? Does our plot in Nature fail?
May we not boast that many a modern wife,
Would lose her own to save a husband's life?
Would gladly die—O, monstrous and ill-bred,
There's not a husband here but shakes his head!*

*But you, my gall'ry friends†—Come, what say you?
Your wives are with you—shake their noddles too!*

*Above there—hey, lads‡—You'll not treat us so—
You side with us?—They grin and grumble no!*

*Yet hold—though these plain folks traduce their doxies,
Sure we have Eleonora's in the boxes!*

*Inhuman beaux! why th' ill-natur'd sneer?
What then you think there's no such ideot here?*

*There are, no doubt, though rare to find I know,
Who could love husbands, yet survive the blow;
Two years a wife—view Lesbia, sobbing, crying,
Her chair is waiting—but my lord is dying;
Preparing for the worst! she tells her maid
To countermand her points and new brocade;
For O! if I should lose the best of men,
Heaven knows when I shall see the club again.*

* To the Pit.

† First Gallery.

‡ Second Gallery.

' So, Lappet, should he die while I am out,
 ' You'll send for me at Lady Basto's rout ;
 ' The doctor said he might hold out till three,
 ' But I ha'n't spirits for the Coterie !'

Now change the scene—place madam in the fevre,
 My lord, for comfort, at the SCAVOIR VIVRE :
 His valet enters—shakes his meagre head,
 ' CHAPEAU—what news ?'—' Ah, sir, me lady dead !'
 ' The deuce ! 't is sudden, faith—but four days sick !——
 ' Well, seven's the main—(poor Kate)—eleven's a nick.

But hence reflections on a senseless train,
 Who, lost to real joy, should feel no pain ;
 'Mongst Britain's daughters still can Hymen's light
 Reveal the love which charm'd your hearts to-night ;
 Shew beauteous martyrs who would each prefer,
 To die for him, who long has liv'd for her ;
 Domestic heroines, who, with fondest care
 Outsmile a husband's griefs—or claim a share ;
 Search where the rankling evils most abound,
 And heal, with cherub-lip, the poison'd wound.

Nay, such bright virtues in a royal mind
 Were not alone to Edward's days confin'd ;
 Still, still they beam around Britannia's throne,
 And grace an Eleonora of our own.

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THE END.

